

Redmond Simpson



A

D I A R Y,

&c.

V O L. II.



Price 2s.



A
D I A R Y

Kept in an Excursion to
LITTLE HAMPTON,
Near ARUNDEL,
AND
BRIGHTHELMSTON,
In SUSSEX,
IN 1778;
And also to the latter Place
IN 1779.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR;

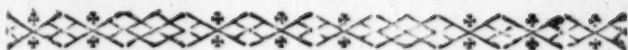
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M. DAVENHILL, Cornhill.

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TO THE
EDITOR
OF THE
DIARY

PUBLISHED IN 1778.

THANKS to you, Sir, for your
publication of my DIARY
last year! Your intent was good,
and your reasons for so doing
amply sufficient; altho' several

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imperfections in the copy you found were afterwards materially done away, and several additions were made during a short residence abroad.

By your means, Sir, I felt the pulse of the public:—the reception I met with, and am now to meet with, must govern my own opinion. If encouragement follows, it may occasion some future attempts to amuse the reading part of the world; a body of people who will always let an author into the secret, if he has mistaken his talents.

Having

Having this feafon again vifited BRIGHTHELMSTON, and continued the DIARY, thofe who fhall be inclined to become my readers, may now perufe a compleat copy of the whole.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged,

And very humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

London,
Nov. 1779.

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THE
D I A R Y.

FRIDAY NIGHT, *Aug.* 20, 1779.

SLEPT again at the *Spread-Eagle* inn, but took more care of my *present* snuff-box; having never been able to recover the *former*—and

SATUR-

SATURDAY 21.

Written at Steyning.

TRAVELLED in a stage-coach towards the sea-coast of *Sussex*; the *company* very agreeable:—must not venture to be more particular, having had bad luck last year;—some *animadvertors*. I mean not the *public Reviewers*, who treated my little work of last *August* with great liberality; but some *private friends* charged me with displaying egregious symptoms of *vanity*, and *want of judgment*.—May not this severity of opinion be abated, when it is considered,

dered, how short a space a day is to decypher the characters of *fellow-passengers* in? who on such occasions put on their best *mental* dress, and are all the time copiously decanting off the stock of spirits they may have been carefully bottling up, perhaps, for weeks, months, nay years.—The change of air, the unusual exercise, the fresh prospects, and the hope of a speedy enjoyment of long-fancied, picturesque scenes; the charming charms of dear *variety*, together with a respite at least from *accustomary cares*; may all float upon the surface, and contribute to deceive. The desire of pleasing with a view of receiving pleasure in return,

gives additional assistance; and we may feel ourselves impelled, as it were, by some sympathetic spirit of social hilarity, freely to expand and communicate. — On the contrary, the starts of passion, the infirmity of health, the distress of the mind; the fretful specks, more or less, casually apparent in every human disposition, — the concealment whereof among strangers almost every-one finds it necessary to preserve, by wearing a mask, — insomuch that no precise delineament can be made, until the finer features, by inadvertent words, and unguarded actions, in minute matters, become clearly visible — may foul the oil, and vitiate the composition,

sition, whereby the mental *painter* may be prevented from being correct in a hasty outline, colouring, or shading.

The above may suffice, in some measure, to convince those who are open to conviction, and yet persist in believing I meant to be understood as *accurate* in the characters of my fellow-travellers last year: — it may be *useful* in other respects to *single* ladies and gentlemen.

In the course of my morning's journey, between the moments of merriment and serious reflection, this apology occurred: I thought
proper

proper to fix it upon paper at dinner-time, and towards evening found myself once more at *Brightbelmston*.

SUNDAY 22.

My own Apartments.

MOST of the morning reposed myself after my journey, and in the evening walked about the town, to observe what alterations had been made in the course of twelve months. The *Crown* and *Anchor* tavern in *East-street* is shut up. In the evening walked on the *Steyne*, and drank tea at *Sbergold's* assembly-rooms.

MONDAY

MONDAY 23.

In Bowen's Library.

T H E R E is a sort of rivalry between the two *Librarians* on the *Steyne*, as to their subscription-books; which shall most justly deserve the title of the book of Numbers.—There is a constant struggle between them, which shall be most courteous; and the effects are those usually consequent of an opposition. Sir *Christopher Caustic*, this morning, was turning over the leaves, at *Bowen's* *, which contain the names of

* *Bowen's Library*, late *Widget's*, at the south end of the *Steyne*.

the

the subscribers. Mr. *Bowen* bowed *a la Noverre* or *Gallini*, and, with offered pen and ink, craved the honour of —an additional name: this being his first season, and having been purposely misinformed by some would-be-witty wag; Sir, said Mr. *Bowen*, displaying, all the time, two irregular rows of remarkable white teeth, yours will stand immediately after that of the Honourable *Charles James Fox*, Esq; and before that of Mrs. *Franco* *, the rich Jew's lady †. Esquire

* A lady of easy virtue, who spent last season here with Mr. *Franco*;—the present with whom she can.

† A *fungus*, well known by the name of *Billy the Beau*, who without any foundation, has

Esquire *W*****d*'s was to have been on the medium line, but, poor gentleman! he is unfortunately *detained* near *London* on *emergent* business.— To what a degree was the *dealer* in stationary let down, when he was afterwards regularly rectified; when, by explanatory notes, and critical commentations, he came to be fully informed that the individual *Mr. Fox* in question was not the celebrated *senator* of that name, but an *Irish Gentleman*, who condescends in winter to keep a chop-house at the cor-

has lavished several thousand pounds at this place, and is now in the King's-Bench prison, to the great grief of sundry usurers.

ner of the play-house passage in *Bow-street, Covent-garden*; and, every autumnal season, has frequent opportunities of storming and swearing at the ladies who may have the good fortune to belong to the *Brightbelmston* company of *Comedians*, he being sole *manager* thereof. And such *management*! --- SCARRON'S *Rancour*, who filled all the characters in a play by himself, was a fool to him.—That Mrs. *Franco* was, to be sure, the temporary wife of young Mr. *Franco* last season, but seems at leisure this to be the temporary wife of even —Mr. *Bowen*, if he pleases; and that poor *Billy*, who *was the Beau*, is confined, *custodiâ marcellis, Banco Regis*,

Regis, on suspicion of —— debt, where he blacks shoes, cleans knives, and turns spits, for the privilege of dipping sops in the dripping-pans of poor prisoners.—What a change from wearing silks and embroidery, and practising every species of extravagance!—Meditate, meditate, reader! if thou knewest this *human ephemeron* * ; meditate, and make use of so important a lesson.

In Thomas's Library.

Mr. *Thomas*, the other librarian, must be noticed in turn. He hath

* A worm that bursts into existence in the morning, arrives at mid-age by the noon, and expires with the evening of the same day.

B 2

been

been years enough practising *small talk* with the ladies and gentlemen upon the *Steyne*, and hath arrived to a surprizing degree of precision in pronouncing *French English*. He is now reading the news-papers to some of his subscribers with an audible voice, and repeatedly calls a detached body of troops a *corpse*; a *tour* he improves into a *tower*, and delivers his words in a most *promiscas* manner.—It is near seven in the evening, and the widow *Fussie* hath just waddled into his shop, with a parisol in her right, and a spying-glass in her left hand. *Thomas* offers her a *General Advertiser*. “ Lord blefs me !” says she, “ Mr. *Thomas*, how damp
this

this paper is, tho' it has come so far, and must have been printed so long since! What reason can you give for it?—Mr. *Thomas* observes, considers, and *explains*, in a most *explicit* manner, the *cause* and the *effect*, to the inquisitive lady, *naturally speaking as a body may say*; proving to a demonstration, according to *Candide*, that there can be no *effect* without a *cause*; and that, of course, damp papers, closely compressed, will continue damp a considerable time. In the interim, Miss *Fanny Fussic* stares and whispers her brother *Bobby*, while he is subscribing to a *raffle*, that Mr. *Thomas* must be a most prodigious man, monstrously intelligent,

and withal, that he is amazingly communicative: “ he knows but everything,” says she, “ and tells but everything he knows.”

TUESDAY 24.

My own Apartments.

AM happy to hear all is quiet in *London*—We are taught to expect the sight of a *French* fleet almost every return of morning. Many are surprized that I am not equally alarmed with themselves: among a variety of reasons, be it comprised, if my reader pleases, that I have known the *French* too long, and know them too well;—am much more concerned
upon

upon another score, believe me.—Who would have thought it?—The DUKE of CUMBERLAND'S GREAT TURK, a Newfoundland dog, as big as a middling-sized calf, tho' he is not above eighteen months old,—swims much better than I do. Have only the consolatory reflection, that I can swim as much better than his master, by at least an equal degree of proportion. A loosened ladder from one of the machines t'other day was floated into the offing with the ebbing tide, to a considerable distance. *Turk* and self instantaneously struck up a co-partnership, and, without waiting for signing and sealing of articles, gave chase. He went out and in again,

to be sure ; but, tho' he swam close by its side, if he put so much as a paw to the business, then am I no true *Diarist*. Like many modern copartners, he transgressed, and I—complained. Upon this provocation, I shoved the ladder in before me, and instantly declared off.—It must be confessed, this was little more than a mere pretence, having much stronger reasons. You must know, *Turk* hath a political head, not much unlike Lord *North's*. He hath a familiar way, too, of shutting his eyes, and appearing to be fast asleep, when he is all the time perfectly awake. This *marine* copartner of mine, for some time past, had seemed to chew the cud of resentment like a clean beast: he had
 seemed

seemed to *mitch malicho*, and mean mischief, as *Hamlet* says of the *poisoner* in the play; and it came luckily to my remembrance, that I had for several mornings, by patting him on the head, depressed the hind part thereof beneath the surface of the water, and that he had as frequently put forth a huge fore paw, much bigger than mine, seemingly inclined to return the compliment. Now, it being uncertain, whether he might not, at some convenient opportunity, seize me by the nape of the neck, as, perchance, *Glumdalclitch* * did *Grildrig*, and, by way of reprisal, swim out farther than might be agreeable,

* *Gulliver's Travels.*

or bring me in, as some of his species have done others, head under water all the way, thoroughly contented with conveying the body along, without considering whether the breath remained in it or not;—in short, for many cogent reasons, I thought it most prudent to dissolve the connexion.—No disputes arose; our accounts were simple, therefore easily settled: and such another *firm* will not soon again be established.

WEDNESDAY 25.

Thomas's Library.

SINCE the dissolution, have picked up sundry matters: now almost eve-

ry-

ry-one has something to say, but how few are inclined to give a friendly caution in right time!—I have been informed, that my late copartner hath been several times tried, tho' not at the *Old Bailey*, on suspicion of having too earnest an affection for deer's flesh, an *Aldermanic* crime; and that he hath more than once been very near a conviction: but a flaw in the indictment, a deficiency in the evidence, or the *kumanity* of the *Judge*, has saved many a culprit from the gallows.—I hope my warmth in the cause of *honesty* will be deemed excusable. Certain it is, my copartner's conduct is not looked upon to be immaculate, by those who have been

been most intimate with him ; and it is as well known, that, when he resides at *Windsor*, his neck is generally incircled with a large wooden collar, which those who are partial in his favour may say is by way of ornament :—but let that pass, between you and me, Reader ; for what signifies mincing matters ? It is much to be feared, that he hath not always duly considered the nice distinction which should ever be preserved in matters of *meum* and *tuum*. However, let it go no further ; I scorn to affect any *dog's* character, unless it be egregiously bad, or unless he appears to have been a *sorry dog* upon record.

THURS-

THURSDAY 26.

The Alcove.

SOMETIMES a droll incident occurs. This morning I *edged* away—we are on the *edge* of the *ocean* you know—towards the *alcove*, at the east end of the bottom of the *Steyne*, wherein were seated *two Elders*, and, perhaps, a *chaste Susanna*; at any rate, she was not naked.—On my approach they departed hastily, and I joined the deserted lady—in discourse, by observing that the town was thin, and that I heard trade in general was very bad. “Very bad indeed, Sir,” said she; “I suppose
you

you are a fellow-sufferer—You belong to the players, Sir, don't you?"

"My dear," replied I, "why should you think so?"—"Because you are seldom without a book in your hand."

"Do few read beside players, then?"

—"Yes, Sir,—I beg pardon; I had another reason; but you'll excuse me."—"Indeed I will not, my

dear."—"Why then, Sir, as you advanced towards us, one of those *elderly* gentlemen—by their discourse

I believe they are *parsons*—said to the other, "Come Sir, let us be gone,

"or we shall be *taken off*;—Mr. Dia-

"*rist* is coming this way." Now,

Mr. *Diarrist*, if that is your name, tho

I have not seen it yet in the play-bills,

was

was it wonderful that I should *imagine* you to be one of the gentlemen players?"—I assured her, nevertheless, that I was not intitled to that honour; and here you may *imagine* our conference ended.

FRIDAY 27.

Under the Front of Bowen's Library.

THE company encreases fast, and is very genteel; nevertheless, you may measure the wealth and rank of some by the degree of insolence they assume: tho' this rule, like most others, is not universal; for *Lady* ***** of ***** ***** a *star* of the first magnitude in the polite hemisphere, surrounded by her *macaroni satellites*,
with

with each two watches, (one on each thigh,) and two tassels dangling from the two hind triangular corners of each of their hats, is poor to an extreme, as most gamblers generally are—yet she is insolent to an equal extreme. To be sure, no person of rank, or *rank* person, at *Brightbelmston*, can pretend to dispute the palm with *** ****'s lady. The master of the ceremonies, however assiduously and obsequiously he may bow, and talk *small talk* with her Ladyship, would find himself baffled in the search, in the pursuit, and in the ending of the chace, after such another *composition of pride and insolence*, after such another *automaton of vanity*.

SATURDAY

SATURDAY 28.

The same.

“SMALL TALK! Mr. *Diavist*,” methinks you say; “what do you mean by *small talk*? You have mentioned it twice.”—Oh, ’tis of various sorts, and so common as scarcely to require an explanation;—but take a specimen--- My Lady *Totterdown* is addressing the Honourable Sir *Harry Harebrains*:---

“Have you been in this morning, Sir *Harry*?” “Yes, my Lady.”—

“Was it rough?” “Very.”—“Did you stay long in?” “A short time; a few moments only.”—“How far did you go in?” “As far as I could

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with safety ; your Ladyship knows I am no swimmer. You was not at the rooms last assembly-night, my Lady." " No, Sir, I was engaged with a private party at Mrs. *Limberham's*; we played rather deep to be sure, but I love to play deep : I play deeper sometimes."—" Do you so, my Lady ?"—*Cætera desunt.*

SUNDAY 29.

On a Tomb-stone, in the Church-yard.

HAVE been this morning to the sailor's land-mark, — to the only church in the town,—and collected a number of *novelties*. The Doctor was
pleased

pleased to inform us, in a religiously political, or politically religious discourse, that, when men *tremble*, they are generally *afraid*; when they are in *danger*, they should strive to *extricate* themselves; and that *hope* is the *expectant* of many great and singular good events.

MONDAY 30.

My own Apartments.

AMONG others of the musical profession down here, are, *Giardini*, *Cramer*, *Lamotte*, *Tacet*, *Dance*, *Baumgarten*, *Simpson*, and *Waterhouse*. Here are also persons of con-

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sequence,

sequence, tho' not professors, who frequently amuse themselves with drawing a bow, &c. and the delicious concerts, which are almost every evening performed at one private house or another, are enough to remind the street passenger of a principal ingredient in, or more properly at, a *Venetian carnival*.

TUESDAY 31.

In Bowen's Library.

I will ask my present reader a question—Courteous Sir, or Madam,—suppose,---suppose,---suppose the celebrated *Giardini* to be executing a favourite solo in an adjoining room;---
suppose

suppose the doors left open on purpose, and a musical piece of mechanism called a clock to be at the same instant unluckily chiming a tedious, worn-out tune, in the room wherein you might happen to be—would it be easy to calculate the degree of your distress?—You don't answer,—you seem amazed—perplexed, perhaps.—Well, I will venture to answer for you.---No ;—if you ever *had*, or *have* yet preserved an *ear*.—To deal truly with the world, this has been precisely my unfortunate case within the last two hours; have scarcely recovered my temper. If I can extract nothing else, am resolved to extract pity from my readers. You'll say it

is artful. Well, *billa vera*, or a true bill—*so be it*, or *so it is*; which latter words, the unlearned may be informed, are the *Engliff* of a *Hebrew* word they sometimes too carelessly repeat, commonly called *Amen*; a name promiscuously conferred on all ecclesiastical clerks.—This brings to my remembrance a *story* I have heard some-where.—I'll tell it.—A *story*, or more properly a *joke*, is my never-failing, and therefore approved recipe, for tuning the mental instrument; for allaying the turbulent ebullitions of the soul, and restoring good humour. A puritanical, canting preacher, who sometime since—no matter when,—was holding forth at a conventicle—
pho !—

pho!—no matter where,—and upon a subject—pshaw!—no matter what,—in a whining tone of voice, with outstretched arms,—among others, made use of the following expressions:—“ Good people, I am your *shepherd*, you are my *stock*, and there sits my *dog*,” pointing downwards, at the same instant, with the fore-finger of his right hand, towards poor Mr. *Amen*; who, being but just released from the embraces of *Morpheus*, a *heathenish* deity, tho’ in a *christian* church, and having rather an imperfect notion of the discourse, or the concatenation of the parts thereof, or indeed, of—where he was, darted up an eye of indignation towards the Re-

verend Mr. *Puzzletext*, at the same time ejaculating.—“ Do I, by ***! Well, I am ***** if I am your *dog* any longer however;” and, abruptly quitting his desk, left both priest and people overwhelmed by one general cloud of astonishment.

SEPTEMBER, WEDNESDAY I.

In Steyne-Lane.

THE evening is fair, and I am an eaves-dropper at a window in this lane.—Excuse me,—it is to hear a Quartetto of *Baumgarten's*, by Cramer and Co.—“ Who resides in that house?” whispers a man in black. “ *The Abington, Sir,*” says I.—“ *The Abington!*”

Abington! Sir," with a sneer of contempt. "What *Grammar* may you study?" "The *Grammar of Politeness* sometimes, Sir," resume I:—"You may be a school-master, and yet unacquainted with it.—But I'll give you a more precise answer, when you have named her *EQUAL*."—"Her *equal!*"—Hush! Reader—the pedant cannot question me further.—I now hear the music undisturbed.

THURSDAY 2.

The same.

IT is a severe case—I had been labouring for the better part of two days to reconcile myself to the world;
 nay,

may, had done more—had accomplished it—but

“ How vain are mortal man’s endeavours!

“ Said at Dame *Elliot’s* Master *Trevors*.”—

Oh dear! no;—it was the witty *Dean* of *St. Patrick’s* who said it, or rather made Master *Trevors* say it, —perhaps,

“ By Saint *Peter*,

“ To fill up the metre.”

I wish myself fairly out of this merry mood: it sticks to me, and all the time I ought to be exceeding *serious*; for a gentleman, who is this moment arrived from *Portsmouth*, has called, and assures me, that Sir *Charles Hardy*, with the *British* fleet, fled into *Spit-head*

head yesterday afternoon, for fear of
 its combined enemies, who were close
 at its heels. He said he saw the flight.
 —Oh, death to *English honour!* and
 is it come to this?—The *British* flag
 at last really tarnished!—not strong
 enough! — Whew! what then? —
 Shew their sterns to an enemy!—And
 are these some of the fatal consequen-
 ces—of our having a deluded King,
 a dissipated nobility, and a corrupted
 commonalty? — Ruin! — inevitable
 ruin!—stares the *English* in their faces,
 and the best constitution in the uni-
 verse totters from its base.—*Bute* and
Mansfield, those bitter ——— but
 hold! hold! I have promised the
 friend I esteem most in the world, not
 to

to dwell long, or touch often upon politics; *she* allows me only to touch and go---upon that subject.

FRIDAY 3.

In Bowen's Library.

——ZOUNDS ! what a bite ?—A fish perhaps.—No, Sir, a fly.—The puncture could not have been made more dexterously by a *Pott*.—It has blooded my stocking in a large circle—see !—What a phlebotomist !—The sea air is powerful ; it braces their nerves, perhaps, and they dart the natural lancet thro' the proboscis, if not with wonderful

wonderful skill, with wonderful activity. — These are none of your languid, macaroni *London* flies. — “What a difference!” says Lady *Lofty*; “they sting thro’ my petticoats.” — Well thrown, my *Lady*! — “My boots are not a protection,” says Sir *Gregory Greygoose*. — Better thrown, Sir *Gregory*! — You are both qualified to throw at any *raffle* in *Brighthelmston*, believe me, unless you should happen to be classed with a *Scardovi* *.

* An Italian dentist, remarkably fortunate in throwing.

SATURDAY

SATURDAY 4.

In the Old Settle.

I have several times mentioned *rattles*,—horſes, houſes, phaetons, child's rattles, books, baubles, caps and bells; of which latter articles, have one on my head, and another in my hand. You'll obſerve them inſtantly, Sir, or Madam, Maſter, or Miſs, if you ſhould pleaſe to turn your eye this way.—Every article of convenience, every trinket of luxury, is transferred by this uncertain, quick mode of conveyance. Not a ſhop without its rattle-trap—rattle, rattle, rattle, morning and evening.—Here may be ſeen,—

seen,—walk in and see,—an abridgment of the *wisdom* of this *world*.—

The *pomps* and *vanities* are at large, varying like yon evanescent clouds.—

Observe the fond parent, initiating her forward offspring in the use of the dice-box, and setting herself the example; yet may she wonder, at some future day, and think her *throw* in *life's raffle* extremely severe, that a propensity to that and similar habits should continue and encrease.—Mind, reader! if the next generation should be worse than the present, (which a *Cynic* would say can hardly be,) and this little book should live so long; take notice, the *Diarist* avers, it is owing to false love, to a foolish fondness, which

which prevents weeding the mental garden early, when the first shoots of *vice* and *folly*, being young and tender, are easily plucked up by the roots; for want whereof, *age* gives precedence to *youth*, and *ignorance* takes the lead of *knowledge*.—There are no boys or girls now: from infancy they are all young ladies and gentlemen. There is scarce a family without a spoilt child or children in it. When in leading-strings, maid-servants have been charged not to let them see the *moon*, for fear they should long for it, which, tho' it might be *refused* for, could not be delivered over to the winner; and when grown up, too many of them, desirous

firous of plunging into an ocean of pleasure, are almost ready to push the parent from her proper seat.—After all, this evil may be the natural contrast to the too rigid treatment of youth in the last age.—Extremes are ever bad, and ever to be avoided as much as possible ; but, according to the scholastic maxim, in avoiding *Scylla* with difficulty we steer clear of *Charybdis* *.—“ So you have flung
 “ away the book, *Miss*, have you ?
 “ Well, *Miss*, perhaps *Mamma* may
 “ be able to prevail on you to take

* *Charybdis*, a dangerous whirlpool in the straits of *Sicily*, over against *Scylla*, a pernicious rock.

“ it up again ;—and yet, as the situ-
 “ ation grows critical, I’ll not wait
 “ to be a witness, peradventure, of
 “ my own disgrace ; so farewell, *Ma-*
 “ *dam.*”

SUNDAY 5.

At the Bottom of the East-end Windmill.

HOW careful ought youth to be !—
 Had the supreme satisfaction of being
 instrumental towards saving the life
 of a fellow-creature. The son of an
*Irish** gentleman of fortune, an *Eton*
 scholar, about ten years of age, had
 been sent to the *Castle Tavern*, to fetch

* A Mr. *Oliver* by name, as informed.

his father to dinner, but had been missing ever since, and evening was approaching fast. Another gentleman and lady, coming along the sands, from *Rottingden*, said, that they saw such a youth above two miles from *Brightelmston*, underneath the Clift. I searched after some of his distressed, inquiring friends; related what I had heard; and advised the sending instantly a stout man and horse from *Sbergold's*:—as the tide was flowing in fast, not a moment was to be lost.—They did so, and the child was brought in safe, just at dusk.—Some one else took the merit of conveying the information, and of giving the advice; a common case:

—but no matter for that; the fond parent's anxiety was removed; the principal object of his apparent happiness was saved; and the extent of my view was amply circumscribed by the glorious line of *humanity*.—Well! never mind it, thought I; my friend *Sancho's* ‡ heart will beat in

‡ IGNATIUS,—not a disciple of that subtle and vindictive *Dominican*, IGNATIUS LOYOLA, who founded the order of *Jesuits*; but IGNATIUS SANCHO, a much milder spirit, tho' inclosed in a darker coloured case;—a native of *Africa*, who keeps a shop in *Charles-street, Westminster*, and is better known by the name of THE FRIEND OF STERNE, on account of an epistolary correspondence between him and the famous author of THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. — See *Sterne's Letters*

in unison, however, when he reads this.

Letters and Doddsley's Annual Register.—This MAN is every way an HONOUR to HUMAN NATURE, and a *living* proof, that the colour of the skin can have no effect upon the faculties of the mind.—Horrid Slave-trade!—POWER overcomes RIGHT—*It is not doing as one would wish to be done unto.*—What right has the original seller to sell, or the buyer to buy? Is there a line in the *Four Gospels* to warrant the contract? Can the conveyance be valid?—How could such a man of God as the late Mr. *Whitfield* bequeath all his *Negroes* to lady *Huntingdon*? Such bargains and bequests must be unlawful in the sight of a merciful judge, of a benevolent CREATOR. Let the buyers and sellers of Black men, who call themselves Christians, consider this, —but, perhaps, they must suffer *persecution* in turn before they can learn *mercy*. —The *United States of America* began with abjuring such an impious and unnatural traffic.

MONDAY 6.

On the Steyne.

THIS morning, his Grace of *Manchester*, who wears a benevolent heart, was pleased to commend my assiduity and presence of mind.

TUESDAY 7.

On the Clift.

AM viewing my worthy friend Mr. *Bull*'s house, or rather box, upon the Clift, between *Ship-street* and *Black-Lion-street*.—He beckons me in, and shews it throughout. It is one pretty room to the height of three stories, with

with a semicircular window comprizing most of the front, and on each floor overlooking the sea all ways, which makes the situation most delightful. — The ground whereon it stands is copyhold—indeed the ground in and about *Brightbelmston* is mostly so — measuring nearly eighteen feet square. The fine is both certain and small. About fifty years ago, this piece of land was sold for four pounds; thirty years since, a purchaser gave eleven; and, about this time two years, the *Alderman* bought it for one hundred pounds, to build upon.—What an instance of improvement!—MEM. *The nuisance of a sloping cellar-door, just before the door of*

his house, is continued, to the disgrace of the Committee appointed by a late act of parliament, which gives sufficient authority.

Mr. Bull is, with much justice, partial to this retreat, and has furnished it neatly, conformable to its size; nor do I believe he would exchange it for that of his Grace of Marlborough on the Steyne—indeed he told me so—much less do I believe he would lett his house out for hire, as *greater* men have done—but some *great* * men can afford to do very *little* things.

* The Duke of Marlborough, tho' his income is immense, lets his house out, even to different families at the same time.

WEDNESDAY

WEDNESDAY 8.

*Among the Boats on the East Side of the
Steyne.*

AN old well is half open among the boats; a little child has just now waddled off the *Steyne* towards it. I ran to prevent mischief, and succeeded.— Have remonstrated against this dangerous neglect in vain. There is one dry and two wet wells open thereabouts. When a child of fortune or two shall have been lost therein, the wells may be boarded over.— The Commissioners by the *act* have sufficient powers, and collect money enough to answer its purposes; yet the Clift
fide

side is all along covered with rubbish, offensive to the sight and smell. Indeed, there is no occasion to search much for nuisances, obstructions, and inconveniences, in this place.—MEM. *Since the above complaint, some loose boards have been laid across one of the wet wells.*

THURSDAY 9.

Upon the Sands.

SELFISHNESS, like *pride*, is natural, and may be meritorious: to a precise point it is a virtue, beyond which it becomes vicious, the additional criminality whereof encreases rapidly and proportionably. The preference

preference given to *self*, operates so wisely as to be necessarily beneficial to others; which proves, that “*self-love* and *social* are the same.” Like a stone* thrown upon the surface of a placid pond, the head of a family is incircled singly; another more distant circle, tho’ *fainter*, comprizes his nearest relatives, upon an equal line; these are succeeded by others, progressively more *faint*, being his more

* Am informed I have plagiarized from *Pope*;—did not know it:—have the *vanity* to think, if Mr. *Pope* had never lived,—nay, have the *vanity* fully to believe—but enough of *vanity*!—I have pronounced the word three times, and the spell is broken—the bubble bursts.

distant

distant relations, — acquaintance, — the inhabitants of the parish, county, and kingdom, wherein he dwells; and the last circular line, tho' naturally most *faint*, comprehends and embraces the whole human race. — What could occasion such a train of thought? — The *selfishness* of the *Bathees* at *Brightelmston*. Each man runs to a machine-ladder, as it is dragging out of the sea, and scuffles who shall first set foot thereon: — some send their footmen and contend by proxy; others go in in boots, or on horse-back, to meet the machines: — so that a tolerably modest man, on a busy morning, has generally an hour and an half, perhaps

two

two hours time, for contemplation on the sands, to the detriment of his shoes, as well as the diminution of his patience—nay, he must have the time, whether he will or not; tho' he possesses still the power of using it as he pleases : and this at present is my way,—the second morning, successively, that I have been treated thus.—To proceed---for I am not likely to be accommodated soon I see---have been long induced to rank *selfishness* among the temporary national grievances, and that an inordinate lust thereof is the source of the most capital evils sustained by society. The *depredator* on the public peace, or the *representative* of part of the people,

ple, or the *constituent* of such *representative*—for they are all in the like predicament—has some darling passion, which cannot be conquered, which cannot be resisted; but must be gratified by the frequent breach of moral and divine law, in open defiance of all consequence.—In private life, the violater of the peace and honour of a worthy family, the despoiler of innocence, pursues the same base road, “forgetting, that to be good is to be happy, doing or suffering;” and the rich, the learned, and the dignified, are worked upon by the same powerful windlass.—If every one would seriously set about correcting *one*, the evil would vanish.—

vanish.—I'll set about it instantly.---
Reader! “go thou, and do likewise.”

FRIDAY 10.

My own Apartments.

CRITICS! what a delicious morsel, what an *anti-climax* did I throw you yesterday? — Be thankful, and, peradventure, I may drop you an *anachronism* in two or three days.— Those, and a few slices of incorrect grammar, which you may find strewed about as you cursorily glance your eye along, may furnish a tolerable repast.

SATURDAY

SATURDAY II.

The same.

HAVE matched the *batbers* and *batbees* this trip however—have corrected them all handsomely, without quarrelling—have given them the slip;—but take the particulars:--- About 6, *A. M.* I drew the machine along the sands, of which I had become seized by prescriptive right, by legal possession, having deposited part of my wearing-apparel therein, tho' I had requested the assistance of the *marine centaur*, the man on horse-back, in vain. As the tide was flowing, I soon plunged into the sea, stretched

stretched a long way out into the
 offing, and continued rolling and
 laughing among my brother *por-
 puses*, to think what a loss the
 company on shore would sustain for
 want of one machine out of seven,
 it being a very fine, busy morning.
 The bathers halloo'd and bawled in
 vain; for I could not, indeed would
 not hear. After swimming back-
 wards and forwards along the shore,
 about four miles in the whole, the
 tide setting strong to the eastward all
 the time, I returned about nine*;

* The men who attend the machines
 were much surprized, and particularly noted
 the time to be near three hours.

and *Smoaker*, growling like a bear with a sore head, swore bitterly, he believed I had been to *France* or *Holland*, and, cooling by degrees, desired to know the news. I told him the *Dieppe* *Monseurs* had laughed heartily at the mode of retaliation I had instituted at *Brightbelmston*; that they grinned at the account stated, and allowed that the *bathers* ought to behave like *bathers*, and the *bathees* like *gentlemen*: moreover, that they had whispered, if the above did not succeed, they would come over, and settle the point between us; upon which I had instantly returned, without another word, lest I should incur the charge of a *treasonable* correspondence.

SUNDAY

SUNDAY 12.

The same.

YESTERDAY's exploit has produced an amendment. *Shame* sometimes follows close at the heels of *reflection*. A man may now be accommodated nearly in turn, which was all that was wished. Have since found no considerable cause of complaint.—It proves that an individual may be useful to a community.

E 2

MONDAY

MONDAY 13.

In the Churchyard.

A *new* man and wife have just passed me.—The town's-people preserve some customs here, that smack of great antiquity, and seem peculiar to the county of *Suffex*. At a marriage there are strewers, who strew the way from church, not only with flowers, but with sugar-plumbs and wheat. — Why sugar - plumbs and wheat I wonder?—Many ceremonies have been retained longer than the history of their origin or foundation.

TUESDAY

TUESDAY 14.

Near the Windmill, at the West-End.

THE *Shoreham* floating-jail * is in the offing, and the fishermen flee to their hiding-places, where some of them have pined, with their almost starving families, for months—and no wonder.—When impressed, they are ironed and stowed aboard the *tender* for several weeks, 'till a full compliment of slaves, I mean free-born *Englishmen*, are crowded together, who are afterwards disembogued

* The-press cutter is so called by the poor fishermen.

on board a man of war, having probably an epidemical distemper on board *, which last article frightens the wretches from all bounties. The survivors are sent to fight for their remaining *liberties* and *properties* †, and

* The case of the *Amazon*, the *Terrible*, and several other ships now lying at *Spithead*.

† *What LIBERTY hath the SAILOR? What PROPERTY hath the SOLDIER to fight for?* Their very language, rude as it is, is manacled; and their minds, as well as bodies, are for life debased to the most dark and abject state of slavery: yet the English sailors and soldiers will fight, as if all hopes and comforts were in possession, and at stake; as if the paradise of Mahomet was part of their creed, and the certain speedy enjoyment of it full in their view. How is this to be accounted for?—

The

their families become parish-burthens.

—Hark ye! you rich and powerful

The *climate*, and *insular situation*, may be one grand and leading *cause*; the *air*, the *breed*. The inferior part of creation in England warrants the opinion, as witness its *bull-dogs*, *game-cocks*, and *running-horses*.

A story occurred, and our author, though he had told it in print before, would not omit it.

“During the year 1745, when expresses were hourly coming from that part of the island through which the Pretender and his wretched followers were marching towards the capital, when all was hurry and confusion, each moment teeming with something fresh and alarming, as a soldier was passing under Ludgate, the then debtor’s prison for freemen of London, a half-starved prisoner, whose turn it was to attend the begging-box, called after him to know *what news*? The soldier, stopping, answered,

ful, are not the connections of these *casual children* of CALAMITY tender as your own? Consider, is this doing as you would think it right to be done by.—Know any of you, what the next age may produce? What your own immediate posterity may be

answered, *Very bad; very bad indeed! that the Pretender was in full march to London, and not above twenty miles off: upon which the imprisoned freeman, thrusting his nose further through the bars of his grate, cried out, Good God! then we are ruined; we shall at last be deprived of our precious liberties! At the same instant an ancient porter, staggering through the postern under a heavy load, and wiping the sweat from off his brow with his left hand, exclaimed, If this is true, we shall all be made slaves of in a trice! — Nay, if you go to that, said the astonished soldier, G—d d—n it! what is to become of our Holy Religion?"*

be reduced to? How soon “the
WHEEL” may “come full circle?”

WEDNESDAY 15.

On the Deals, at the West-End.

IF the account given yesterday is not enough to dishearten the *French*, it is wonderful; for if you serve your *friends*, your protectors so, what the devil must, what can your *enemies* expect?—Every man costs *Administration*—the name of *Government* is too honourable—twenty-five pounds at least; this sum, with bounty-monies, and a few sinecure places and pensions, lopped off from the already rich and undeserving, would afford a

E 4

small

small pay in time of *peace*, which, with *good* usage in time of *war*, would prevent any *necessity* for this *horrid practice*. But, as *Milton* says, “and with *necessity*, the *tyrant’s* plea, excus’d his *devilish* deeds.”

On the other hand, upon due consideration, what would become of the Admiralty clerks? Where would be the many yearly thousands of pounds, arising from protections, which, after having been paid for, are pressed from?—If many of the fishermen, who have paid a composition of two guineas a-piece towards raising a large sum, besides procuring more men than the *quota*
at

at first demanded, are nevertheless obliged to play at *hide - and - seek*, who can help it?—And yet, I know such, and have had it from their own mouths — from *fishermen*, who are equally intitled to, and should possess in common, the rights and privileges of *Englishmen*;—who, in consideration of *servitude*, the highest consideration, have been always hitherto *exempted* by particular statutes, a million whereof, by the bye, could never create a positive, coercive law, whereon to ground an impress. Nevertheless, an *ex-post-facto* statute, an *unconstitutional*, midnight * act of

* An act lately moved for at *midnight*, by Mr. Attorney-General.

parliament—I mind not the paradoxical expression—is to do, and undo,—is to—overwhelm all!

THURSDAY 16.

The Steyne.

An *Admiralty* trick offers; a mere juggle.—A privateer lies off shore, pretending a want of hands. Two elderly clergymen, of the *Kysarcii* family, of the Low Country, according to *Sterne*, are at this moment on the bench at the south end of *Thomas's* library, unravelling the base scheme:—they are the two *Elders* who some time since deserted the modern *Sufanna*—“ Those fellows, whom no bounties

bounties can allure, are by this time almost starved," says *A*; "and therefore will be forced out of their lurking-holes to enter: they almost deserve to starve:"—which humane observation is assented to on the part of *B.* by a smile accompanied with a nod of approbation. "The *lazy* scoundrels love privateering:—the cutter afterwards is to board the privateer, and press them all; and the captain is to pretend great uneasiness for the *misfortune*, as he is to term it."—The scheme was frustrated,—some how or other it got wind;—but, oh Shame! where is thy blush?

LAZY was the false and scandalous
epithet,

epithet made use of by the *legitimate* children of *laziness*.—Do those poor men deserve to be called *lazy*, whose occupation frequently forces them to sea, for many nights successively, in rough, cold weather, to labour hard, for an uncertain, penurious pittance, towards the scanty subsistence of themselves and numerous families?—"Take physic, Pomp! and learn to feel what wretches feel."—And, good God! again, by whom are those poor souls called *lazy*?—The *drone* accuses the *bee*.

The poor have few friends; few advocates of any ability will undertake the cause of the wretched. They themselves

themselves are only enabled to feel ; they cannot argue : and, if they could, what then ?—Weak as I am, did the temper of the times, and the disposition of the people of the present day, permit, “ I could a tale unfold, would harrow up ”——But I have again forgot myself—my business is to trifle, to tell stories, and crack jokes. —Pray, Reader ! pardon my feelings. I am a man, and cannot divest myself of the susceptibility connected with my nature.

FRIDAY

FRIDAY 17.

On the Clift.

THE evening is delicious ;—not a cloud intervenes between the eye and the immensely blue expanse of æther: —the full moon is up, and plays upon the great waters to admiration: —all is hush, and the prompt soul is wrapt in sweetest contemplation: —mean while, I lean once more on the rail of the Clift, near the bottom of *Skip-street*. What a luxurious repast? ——— Who is this? — A woman muffled up, with an infant at her breast :—some distressed fellow-creature, with her face reclined up-

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on her hand, sighing and sobbing most piteously.—“ *Daughter of Adversity! Child of Affliction!*” said I, “ why are you so disquieted?”—She looks up.—“ Gracious God!—It is—it is my old acquaintance *Susan!*—Where is my friend *William?*”—“ Gone, Sir, gone!” was pronounced, as if the party uttering the words was almost choaked with grief.—“ Good Sir! is it you?—You appeared to me once before, I remember;—shall never forget your kind admonition. I little thought then—but I have suffered much since, Sir; indeed I have.”—“ My dear *sister in sorrow,*” said I, “ be comforted! I hope the cause of your concern

is not equal to appearances : at any rate, let me condole with you ; it will lighten your burthen to impart. The open air may be too sharp for your infant ; if you will trust yourself with me, *Susy*, you shall have no reason to repent it.”—“ Oh, Sir ! I have made no secret of the good advice you gave me,” replied *Susan* ; “ and am sure you cannot mean amiss.”—We went to the *Spotted-Dog* in *Middle-street*, where, in the back-room, when more composed, she informed me to the following purport ; I believe in nearly the very words :—“ Soon after we met, above a year ago, Sir, *William* and I were married. We did not stand for consent
of

of friends,—perhaps that was wrong.
 —Well, this little boy is our son.”
 She then shewed me the child’s face,
 which I think I shall never forget :
 the nearest resemblance may be found
 in Sir *Josbua Reynolds’s* picture of
 the *Nativity*; and, had the exhibition
 last year been in right time for it,
 should have been apt to conclude, that
 Sir *Josbua* had visited *Brighthelmston*
 AFTER its birth.—“ My husband,”
 said *Susy*, “ continued coasting in the
 brig you saw him on board of, and was
 so very attentive, good-natured, and
 industrious, that every-one who knew
 him, loved him,—almost—as much
 as I do.”—The tears here followed
 fast——She went on: “ It happened,

that his father and two brothers, being fishermen, were marked down for the press.—His brothers turned out volunteers; but their father, poor man! was rather infirm, and declining into the vale of years.—*William* some how—and yet I am heartily glad of it—gave way to his duty towards his poor old father, and secreted him two or three nights on board the brig. The press-gang had information of this, and from that instant never ceased till they took both father and son; and so my dear *William*, notwithstanding his *protection*, together with the old man, was forced on board the *Tender* at *Shoreham*, where they now are, and both in irons—

irons—in irons, Sir, like felons — think of that ; think of that, Sir.”— “ *Susy*, hold !” said I ; “ I’ll hear no more—but meet me here to-morrow about the same hour.” I rushed out of the room without waiting for an answer, while she stared wildly after me, with streaming eyes and hands uplifted. The people in the house must think us both under the influential power of the moon. My first object I never lost sight of. I well knew, my own interest could not be more effectual than my wishes ; but, having long mixed with the world, and made mankind my principal study, my eye was fixed on *Beings* of much more importance

than myself, of whose hearts I had taken compleat measure. Physiognomy is something; small actions finish the *science*—a science, however, by no means infallible. I interested a worthy *middle-man*, and, by fairly, but warmly, representing the severity of the case in question, moved him to interfere with heartiness.—In short, I procured so strong an application, as fear not will release both father and son in a few hours.—Have this instant compleated the business, and the clock is now striking twelve: shall sleep well to night.—Envy me, Reader,—I feast luxuriously!

SATURDAY

SATURDAY 18.

My own Apartments.

“WHAT noise is that below?”—
 “Three people, Sir;—one of them a woman, with a child in her arms—they will come up stairs.”—“Will they?—they must then.”—My chamber-door is burst open, and, behold! *William, Susan* with her infant, and their *old Father*, are by my bed-side, upon their——Oh fie!—it was prevented.—What passed signifies nothing to the superficial reader; to those of a contemplative turn nothing need be related.

F 4

SUNDAY

SUNDAY 19.

At Hove.

IN the morning and afternoon attended a Mr. *Johnson* at the Presbyterian Meeting-House, where I had often been before. This gentleman blends *reason* with *religion* * wherever the former is admissible, and addresses the *one* great *Jehovah* with due solemnity ; but, as every attempt to reconcile Reason and Revelation is doomed to meet with power-

* The author means nothing disrespectful to religious mysteries promulged in the Four Gospels, though they may be incomprehensible to *human Reason* in its present limited and imperfect state.

ful

ful resistance from bigots and fanatical enthusiasts, this gentleman is but very slenderly attended.

M O N D A Y 20.

On the Sands.

I have been cheapening some fish, and talking to two men by the seaside, whose boat the breakers have this instant thrown ashore. They say they dare not sell their fish on the Beach. One of the poor men is *deaf*; and no wonder, considering the high winds, which blow for more than half the year almost incessantly. He says his partner, who is in the boat, poor man! is lame,—*a perfect cripple*; —that

—that they were, God help them! below the notice of the press-gang —I muttered, in a low tone, my indignation against the late *midnight* act, which took away the fishermen's statute-right of exemption from the impress; when the *deaf* man, suddenly turning round, much to my surprise, thanked me for being the poor man's friend, and bawled to his partner, *the perfect cripple*, to jump out of the boat, and bring the fish ashore. “The *gentleman* was a *gentleman*, and should have his choice, God bless him! of the whole parcel.” —At the same instant, he fixed a quid of tobacco in his mouth, winked with his right eye, and told his com-
rade

rade to “ jaw no more ; there was no danger.”—The poor fellows are obliged to use a little craft ; and who can blame them ?

TUESDAY 21.

My own Apartments.

HAVE been a short ride to *Susan's* father, and find him an intelligent, honest, wealthy farmer. By representing the true character of his son-in-law, and at the intercession of *Susan's* mother, he is reconciled to the match.—Have left him in so good a humour, after pledging him in a mug of his own home-brewed, and viewing his farm throughout,
that

that he shook me cordially by the hand, and swore *William* should have one of the largest fishing-boats in *Bright-helmston*, time enough for the present herring-fishery, together with the compleatest suit of furniture and nets.—His wife insisted upon seeing her grandson soon; and my work in that quarter seems now to be accomplished.

W E D N E S D A Y 22.

In one of the old Machines.

HOW now?—Holloa! Mr. *Long-shanks*!—You, Sir!—Why where the Devil did you get that excellent tye-wig?—What, *Smoaker*! you have
got

got another, have you?—On my word, better wigs than half the Barristers wear in term-time—nothing wanting, but a dust of powder here and there to be blown in.—On the 22d of September, yearly, perhaps, Gentlemen, you are obliged to wear such wigs, in consideration, probably, of the exclusive trade, the monopoly you carry on—It may be the custom of the manor!—This is enough to make a mute at a funeral burst with laughter. A patient labouring under an impostume would be in high luck.—Why there now, there is a head ornamented like that of a *Dunning*, the other of a *Wedderburne*. More execrations may issue from hence;
but

but the craft, the subtlety, the finesse, crammed within all the skulls, is much the same. These fellows tell their *untruths* as close, though not in so correct, or eloquent a style, perhaps. “ Sir, the tide cannot be better ; the sea cannot be smooother ; the rocks, or, at least, the weeds on the rocks, will be soft to your feet. You should not stay long in,—not above a quarter of a minute. That *strange Gentleman*, writing in that there *old Machine* so busily, Sir, goes in for two hours at a time — he’ll be dead in a week. We advised him to settle his affairs, and make a will, that our brother-tyes might get something by him. We play into one another’s hands,

your

your Honour—They scower others, and we sometimes scower some of them in return.”——The fellows have worked themselves up to such a pitch, that yesterday, it seems, they refused a shilling from Counsellor *Newnham*, who is down here; and one of the arch dogs repeated, from Dean Swift,

“ Not for the world ! We *Doctors*, Brother, Ne’er take a fee of one another.”

THURSDAY 23.

In the Battery of Twelve Guns.

SOME *French* privateers are said to be hovering about in the offing, and we hear now and then a report of
of

of firing.—Provoking !—They will not come within reach of the only four guns that may be fired with safety—I mean, when properly loaded with powder and ball—a salute is nothing—The rest are well known to be honey-combed. The *small craft*, then, may be cut off with impunity.—What a pity that a couple of light six-pounders cannot be spared by the Board of Ordnance to protect the coast ! Those, with men or horses, might be dragged along the Clift, and prevent every sort of mischief to be dreaded from such despicable picaroons ;—instead whereof, two horse-soldiers, in long scarlet cloaks, ride along the coast, making
just

just such an appearance as *Hollar* describes, Mr. *Collector*, in his Views of *Jersey* or *Guernsey*, I don't remember which.—The utility of this parade I leave to be enlarged upon by some future *Diarist*.

FRIDAY 24.

In the old Settle, farthest from the Steyne.

HAVE frequently asked, in vain, the cause of the large and small ringlets worn in the grass upon the *Steyne*, and on the sides of the *Downs*,—for the legend of Fairy-dancing was too childish to be satisfactory,—and could not find a *naturalist* in the place;—

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even

even Mr. *Thomas* could not tell.—
 Doctor *Mitchell* is coming up *Craig's Lane*,—I meet him about the middle, and propose the question.—He begins to explain the cause.—“ It is determined at last, Sir,” says he, “ to be a mushroom business: the seeds”
 ——— at this moment, unfortunately for my inquiry, a set of better-dressed persons, subscribers perhaps, coming along, drew off his attention, and I was left in haste, while he formed the sign of the Salutation in conjunction with a Gentleman, to the back of whose head was fixed a bag, and to his side a sword. The Ladies also
 ——— I walked off, saying to myself, “ Had I been a subscriber now,
 and

and leaning out of my own chariot, this business might have ended otherwise !”

FRIDAY 24.

The same.

SLANDER, — good heavens !—nothing but *slander* !—An infantine *rumour*, having been begot by the *Prince of Darkness*, conceived by *Falshood*, nursed by *Malice*, and conveyed by a *Whisper* up *North-street*, shall crawl down *West-street*, creep along the *Clift*, and fly through *East-street* upon the *Steyne*, gathering additional strength every foot of the way.

G 2

—Veno-

—Venomous Reptile ! never at rest, till satiated with the defamation of Innocence. Did the *propagators* of *rumour* ever hear the Story of the *Three Black Crows*?—No matter, moderniz'd and localiz'd, it follows :

The STORY of the

THREE BLACK CROWS.

SOME goffips of consequence were collected at a whist party, in a room as convenient, perhaps, as *Hicks's Card-room*, though not so large, and were very intent upon the game, when in burst Sir *Jacob Swallow*, with a “ Dear me, Ladies and Gentlemen, have you heard the news?—A strange story

story goes about—for my part, I want *faith*.”—“ Good God ! what is it, Sir *Jacob* ? ” was the general exclamation. “ Why—but it is too ridiculous—I have just been informed, that a fisherman’s wife on the Clift, has, this very morning, vomited — pardon me, Ladies ! — vomited up THREE BLACK CROWS.” —“ *Three black Crows !*—It is impossible,” says Mr. *Doubtful* ; it cannot be ; how the Devil could she swallow them ?—Why her stomach must be a perfect rookery.—It cannot be, Sir ; it cannot be !——But where, in the name of Fate, did you pick up this most wonderful wonder that ever the world won-

dered at? — The affair of *Mary Tofts* *, the rabbit-woman of *Godalmin*, *Betty Canning* *, and scratching *Fanny* * or the *Cock-lane Ghost*, are nothing to it.” — “ I had it,” replied *Sir Jacob*, “ from *Sir Timothy Credulous*, of *Brighton-place*, who had it from the—Lord knows who. *Sir Timothy* was reading a book published by the Bishop of *Pontoppidan* in *Norway*, when I looked in, and had just got through his account of the *Craken*, when I” — — — “ Do, dear *Sir Jacob*,” says one of the Ladies,—“ you have most leisure,—step, God bless

* A *Mr. St. Andre*, a *Mr. Watson*, and a *Mr. Parsons*, if living, and inclined, are best able to clear up these *three* mysterious businesses.
you,

you ! and enquire into this phenomenon.” “ By all means, Ladies ; ” and away posts Sir *Jacob* to Sir *Timothy*’s, leaving his company to resume its pastime.—As it happened, Sir *Timothy* was at home. “ Good Sir,” says Sir *Jacob*, “ where did you hear of this strange *lufus Naturæ*? A whole party of ladies and gentlemen are dying with impatience to know the particulars.” “ Particulars ! Sir,” answered Sir *Timothy Credulous* very gravely ; “ is there any-thing, then, so very extraordinary in the account? By-and-by, people will be brought to believe in nothing but what they see. However, it came from Mr. *Full-of-faith*, of *North-street*.”——The hat is

snatched up, the visit ended, and Mr. *Full-of-faith* applied to, who answers, “Why, Sir, to be sure, such a business has happened, but has been enlarged upon greatly by Sir *Timothy*; I spoke of *Two Crows* only. The poor woman is intimately known, it seems, to one of our people, Miss *Pious* of *West-street*; and she told it to her cousin, who told it to another person, who told it to”——“Hold! hold! Sir, cried Sir *Jacob*. *Two!*—why, if she disgorged *two*, she might *twenty*. I could as soon believe in the *whole* as a *part*.”—However, off he goes, and instantly repairs to Miss *Pious*, states his account, and receives her answer. “Dear Sir, says she, “how this world
is

is given to—I declare there is no speaking after any body, or to any body, at this rate.—I only said, that a poor religious woman in *East-street* had vomited up *a Crow*, and that Mrs. *Tabitha Talkative*, on the Clift, had assured me it was true.”—“ Still I have not *faith* enough,” said Sir *Jacob*.—“ Then you will be inevitably d—’d, denounced Miss *Pious*; the fire flashing from ‘her eyes: “ your *works* will not avail you a rush; they will only sink you deeper into perdition.” Without staying to settle this article about his soul, Sir *Jacob* retires, with all his sins upon his head, and is greeted in a matronly manner by Mrs. *Talkative*.

“ Bless

—“Bless me! Sir,” said she, “how can you mention any thing so absurd? Mrs. *Cobby*, the bathing-woman, of *East-street*, told me, when I went this morning to bathe, at the bottom of the *Steyne*, that a poor neighbour of hers, who had fretted herself ill, on account of her husband’s having been pressed, and sent on board the tender, had, in the night-time, vomited up—something, *as black as a CROW*!—Nothing more, believe me; and I told Mrs. *Carter*, the fruiteress, immediately after, what I had heard; and Mrs. *Cobby*, who is a very good, jolly sort of a woman, knows all this to be true; she is ready to be more particular to any
body

body who may chuse to question her about the affair; nay, to make an affidavit of the facts, if necessary; and"—The Lady now having got into a full flow, was proceeding very rapidly, but the patience of Sir *Jacob* by this time having been almost exhausted, he sheered off rather abruptly, was carried back to his company by the current of politeness, and the Story of the *Three Black Crows* furnished entertainment for the rest of the evening.

MEM. *If the malignancy of RUMOUR should attempt to twist the foregoing STORY into a charge of Infidelity, I hope CANDOUR will become my advocate.*

SATURDAY

SATURDAY 28.

My own Apartments.

TO such a degree has Defamation arisen, and so daring are its flights, that even the Rev. Dr. ***** escapes not *scot-free*.—"Why, what—what can it possibly say of him?" exclaims *Curiosity*. "Say!" replies *Rumour*; "why, it whispers that he appears unconcerned, whether his parishioners attend Divine Service on a Sunday, or not, during the watering-season; nay, that he has frequently dropped hints to the trades-people, keepers of lodging-houses, and fishermen's wives, concerning the propriety

priety of granting a dispensation from regular church - attendance at such times ; with certain innuendo's as to his undoubted ability of fetching up, in winter, any *lee-way* in their voyage to *Salvation*. It goes further, and says, that, though his living produces several hundreds a year, he is continually thrusting his subscription-book in the faces of the visitors, at the Assembly-rooms and the Libraries ; and that he even traverses the streets, from house to house, collecting loose crowns and half-crowns, on no other ground of sollicitation, but merely because—because—because—he is — Minister of the Established Church.”

In

In the Alcove.

This morning I have been walking on the *Steyne*, and reading a *Sussex* news-paper to Mr. *Cooper* ; a very worthy elderly Gentleman, with whom I am become intimate through a familiarity of disposition. He stopped me on the ending of a letter signed PEREGRINE, with the question of Whose writing can this be ? The matter is good, and the manner agreeable. “ Mine, Sir,” said I. “ Yours ! introduce it into your next volume of the DIARY by all means—it deserves a place.” “ How can I do that, Sir,” replied

replied I. "Don't you see it has been in print already?" "Yes," said Mr. *Cooper*, "in the LEWES JOURNAL; but few can have had an opportunity of reading it there, and sure a man can never be blamed for borrowing from himself." — Well! Reader, you may be worse employed, perhaps; so take the account of an

Affize-Day.

"HAVING lately been at a country-town during the affize-week, I cannot avoid making certain observations which naturally occurred to a by-stander. Perhaps, some of your
Readers

Readers will agree, that the bustle of an assize-town, at this season, may not be unentertaining to a reflecting mind. Observe, I do not mean to include the prisoners, or other parties interested.—The trumpet sounds three times—as the boys at play say, one to begin, two to make ready, three and away!—Apropos—an odd story here obtrudes itself; and, as the celebrated *Sterne* said, though with much better reason,—and, by the bye, it may be still the better, because he said it, and is since dead,—“my pen governs me, I govern not it.”—Well! now for the story. Once upon a time (as all old stories begin, or should begin) there was a
 Judge

Judge upon his circuit, who invited the Gentlemen of the Long Robe to an assize dinner—Upon recollection, I believe the High-Sheriff gave the dinner: however, that is not material, you know. — After the cloth was removed, the bottles passed briskly round the table, and almost every-one said, or attempted to say, something smart upon the occasion. A junior Counsel, who had never spoken in public before, seeming uneasy to exhibit in turn, or, as the Lawyers would say, to make an *incipitur*, asked the Judge if his Lordship had seen the wonderful *Rhinoceros* which was in town?

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H

His

His Lordship answered, without the least hesitation, “ No, Sir : as we both travel with trumpets, I believe we stand upon ceremony—the ceremony of—who shall make the first visit.” Whether there was any room for the young Barrister to *rejoin*, or not, leaving your judicious Readers to determine, I proceed.—The trumpets sound in the High-street ; the ladies in full dress flock to the windows to see—I mean rather to be seen ; for, *certes*, there is very little to see — and the Sheriff bows politely as he passes. At this instant a man, with most earnest countenance, demanded of me, if the last trumpet had sounded ? My answer was, “ I
hope

hope in God not, Sir ; for I am by no means prepared." " Nor I !" exclaimed a well-known Attorney, who stood on my left hand. A third person, on my right, declared he was doubtful, whether my Lord, the Barristers, nay the whole Court, were not in the same predicament.

" I soon lost my companions ; and, having been hustled into the channel, was forced along by the current, into a place called a Hall, scarce big enough to contain, with any degree of conveniency, half the company. His Lordship bows, and seats himself between four-and-twenty Ladies, all on a row ;

H 2

under-

underneath were four-and-twenty Black Gowns, all on a row. They brought to my mind the old song of *Four-and-twenty Fiddlers, &c.* but no matter for that—On second consideration, I believe there were above thirty Barristers, many of whom, I was informed, had never spoken, and many more who were never likely to speak,—that is to say,—to the purpose—I mean, in character; for the business seemed to be confined to five or six.

“ Now began one general confusion; Counsel opening without being heard; Attornies complaining, without effect; and plaintiffs and defendants
mur-

murmuring at the interruption, without redress ; while his Lordship and the Cryer were calling out for silence ! —At length the emblem of Babel-building ceased ; the Counsel gravely declared he had not read a word in his brief, yet proceeded very deliberately to inform the Jury of what he was himself professedly ignorant ; the Court smiled, and the clients grin'd horribly —But here let me make a pause—Laughter, be gone ! Let me at least attempt to do justice to the presiding Officer of Justice, who pervaded each cause of action almost intuitively ; who made amends for the negligence and ignorance of some, and detected the knavery of others ; who, tho' he

might sometimes smile, was unwearied in discovering the real *jut* of the case, and, by his close reasoning, often gave satisfaction even to the losing parties. As an instance, one of the defendants, having lost his cause, declared, in my hearing, he thought the verdict, under the opinion of the Judge, to be extremely right; and requested his attorney to let him know forthwith what were the damages and costs, which he was ready to pay, having only wished for the opinion of the best referee in the universe,—he was pleased to add, with particular emphasis,—in matters of *Meum* and *Tuum*.

Tired

Tired with ridiculous squabbles, about sheep trespassing where no grass grew, about contemptible flanders between parties who never had any character to lose, and endless litigations about titles where no titles had ever existed, I departed from this Court, called, it seems, the *Nisi-prius* side, regretting that amicable arbitrations were not more frequent, and that the time of the Judge and Jury should be so much mis-spent about matters of little or no consequence. Indeed, my departure was hastened by the sound of other trumpets in the street. At first I thought of the wonderful *Rhinoceros* ; but soon found the *Crown* side was going
to

to sit, and that crouds were gathered about certain fallen beings, once as innocent as any of the spectators. Here I was hurt to see *idle curiosity* get the better of *innate humanity*; the pride of HUMAN NATURE rising superior by comparison; and, not having fallen in the way of temptation, not disposed to make charitable allowances for the frailties of others.—Wrong education, pressing necessity, strong passions, and powerful temptations, or even a natural depravity of morals, thought I, should render these miserable fellow-creatures objects of commiseration, at least in some degree. The feeling heart is agitated with sympathy, the sight of distress

distress is shocking to the compassionate eye, and to the humane ear the clanking of chains can be no music. —Gracious God! *forgive us our trespasses,—suffer us not to fall into temptation:—let those who think they stand take heed lest they fall.*”

SUNDAY 26.

The same.

TO prove, once more, how little attention is shewn to the convenience of the genteelst company, in regard even to their most favourite spot, the *Steyne*, take the following account :

IN

IN the afternoon, which was remarkably fine, sat under the Piazzas in the front of Mr. *Bowen's* Library; but soon after it began to rain, thunder, and lighten to an extreme.—A gentleman seeming alarmed at its sudden approach and violence, I remarked, “that the storm was nothing to what it would be.” Having been silent till then, and speaking with rather a sententious sort of gravity, was sorry to observe, what I had said had taken effect to alarm several ladies who were present. The storm, however, encreased to a much greater excess,—the Library was locked up, and the key in Mr. *Bowen's* pocket at *Lewes*.—Thus we continued, the lightning flashing as if the
air

air was on fire, and the rain pouring hard for several hours, so as to overflow the ground. The ladies were obliged to be mounted upon common chairs; and, in endeavouring to accommodate the tenderest and most lovely part of the creation, I discovered they were persons of the first condition; three of them in particular, displayed such fortitude, true politeness, and extreme affability, as sufficiently indicated their high station in life. The D***** D***** of A***** said to her daughter, “Lady Ch*****, you are fond of an adventure, what think you of this?”—Their situation was certainly uncommon, and I studied to make it
as

as tolerable as possible.—At last their coach was procured, and I had the honour of handing some of the finest ladies in the universe, to their carriage.—To stoop under a very low rail, was mortifying, but necessary, to avoid a flood of water.—“ Things that love night, love not such nights as these,”—thought I ; —and yet, again, “ Sweet are the uses of ADVERSITY !” — Though I was wet through, I thought myself next morning amply recompensed by complimentary thanks from both mother and daughter near the sea-side.

DURING the storm, and while we were confined as before related, two
filly,

filly, chattering fellows, taking advantage of our situation, talked nonsense to the ladies, which must give those who were not used to such company, an ill impression of the middling order of the people.—I felt hurt on this account, and wished much for an enlivening conversation; but, to add to my chagrin, the creatures wanted to engage me in *politics*, which I waved on pretence of the weather, and was never more offended at the prostitution of terms or science. Instead of reading and discriminating,—if political disputants, in general, as they are called, can remember, that there are *three constitutional estates* in this realm, that there is such a part of
the

the world as *North America*, that the words *Liberty* and *Licentiousness* have a different meaning, and if they can acquire, like parrots, a few set phrases, it is now-a-days called talking *politics*. Quote the opinions of a *Locke*, or a *Sidney*, and the sneering whisper circulates instantaneously of—What a *Boor*!—The debating societies, which spring up like mushrooms in the hot-bed of the Metropolis, may or may not rectify this evil.—Time will shew all—but it is a *talking age*; aye, and a *writing* one too, as my Reader might say. My reply, however, in such case, should only be, Courteous Reader, once more *farewel*!

MONDAY

MONDAY 27.

The same.

TOOK a farewell review of the *Assembly-Rooms*, the *Steyne*, the *Sea*, and the *Town*; and, entering a post-chaise, quitted *Brightbelmston* for *London*.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

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cellis, r. *marefcalli*,

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